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For the Companion.

THE RUNAWAY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

It is said in tha famous old story that has made so many eyes sparkle with tha dawning impulse of ambition, that Whittington fancied he heard the bells, away up in the London church towers, sing out to him, as he was trudging away from them,

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

His turning then, if the story were true, was certainly to his advantage; but many a boy hears the clear tones of the bells hung up in the tower of his conscience, a tower of enduring strength and exquisite architecture, wherein the bells are most musical if properly heeded, ring out, "Turn again, turn again," and the sweet strain has rung on unnoticed until the chimes grew jangled, and finally stopped altogether.

It was a clear, moonlight night when the bells said to Robert Mervin, "Turn again." The sky was full of drifting white clouds, the fields laid in peaceful, almost holy calm, the very flowers gave their fragrance drowsily, the song of the birds was hushed, the trees trembled, as if in delicious rapture at the beauty and perfect stillness of the scene; there was but one blot upon it all, and that blot was Robert Mervin, who was stealing like a thief from the home of his widowed mother and his sister Jessie.

Little did they think, sleeping so calmly there, the woman wearied and pale, the child lovely and spiritual, looking almost angelic in her sleep, that the son and brother they loved so dearly had for days and weeks been meditating treachery, and was now preparing to carry it out in its most repulsive form.

In almost every village there is one black sheep; there was in Middletown. It is a wonder that good boys, boys, I mean, who have been kept from temptation, and trained to follow the dictates of virtue rather than of vice, do not instinctively know these dark-browed, evil, vicious natures. Instead of that they are sometimes attracted to and kept hovering about them.

Abiel, or Abe Stimpson, as he was called, was one of these, an unmistakably depraved and vice-loving fellow. He delighted in doing hateful things. He dared the most direful consequences. He corrupted every thing he came near. There was in him a devil which no power seemed sufficient to exorcise; he delighted in wickedness. The pastor of the parish tried his hand at him more than once, but after giving him the kindest expressions of his interest, he found out that the whole Sunday school was in a fair way of being demoralized by the influence of one wicked boy. His father had been known as a depraved, God-hating man; he was dead. His mother had long ago given up all hope of her wild boy; she had never known the first letter in the alphabet of discipline, and now he ruled her, and tyrannized over every living thing in the old homestead.

This boy, cruel in his kindness, loving sin as a sweet morsel, heartless towards his mother, affecting to treat girls and women as he treated dogs and horses, poor little Bob Mervin had become infatuated with. He was under his thumb, and constantly learning all sorts of wickedness. The strange nature had drawn to himself all the love and devotion of this promising boy. He learned some new depravity every day. Captivated by the boldness of his teacher, dazzled by the bravado and false courage of the evil-minded Abiel, he gave himself up, soul and body, to his adversary, who came in the guise of friendliness.

Abiel's mother moved in a spiritless way about the house. It was an old house, but comfortable. In spite of drinking and kindred vices, her husband had managed to retain this and two other houses, so that the widow might have been comparatively happy but for her miserable child.

Poor woman! how very hopeless she looked! how very white and wan! It was nine o'clock.

"I wish Abe *would* come home."

She repeated it again and again. Meantime the fire got lower. She took out her knitting, but someway her fingers had lost their old cunning. There were sad thoughts in her heart. Strangely enough, they wandered to the far past,



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her happy girlhood, her marriage day, her pride and joy when Abiel was first put in her arms.

"I wish he had died then," she murmured; "he will be what his father was, he will break my heart. Young as he is, to be at the tavern, to drink, to swear, to play. I am getting afraid of him. I fear my own child. I never punished him. I am powerless before him. O God, my God, how shall I answer to Thee?"

The cry was wrung from her in utter bitterness of spirit. It is from the lips of many a woman who has not the strength to take the first dawnings of evil, and do as the farmer does when his young fruit is threatened by worms—*burn them out;* no matter at what pain or humiliation to the child. Better a brief hate than an unending torment. The tears fell slowly; large, white globes, each in itself a world of anguish.

Angels might have pitied her, seeing how weak and purposeless she always was.

For some months past there had been a change in this woman. Quietly she had formed her opinions, silently carried them out. Timid in that, as in every thing, she let no one know that she was passing through deep waters, she told no one how slowly and surely she was coming into possession of a peace that, like the first tiny outgush of the rill, was deepening and broadening till, like a river, it should fill her soul. She needed it for the dreadful hour that was coming, for the trials that gathered with the shadows of that evening.

Quiet as it was, a degree of comfort visible in the neatly arranged furniture, the little table set for supper, there was an ominous presence in that room. It overshadowed her, perhaps, and gave her those backward roving memories. It may be that her heart reached heavenward through the gloom. It is certain she cried out once in her anguish,

"Save him, my God, if it is through fire or death, only save him!"

He heard that prayer.

The mother gathered her knitting together, and started at a step. The outer door opened, then the inner, and Abiel presented himself. His face was flushed. It was not an ordinary countenance, the face of this boy. Bold, flashing eyes, black as evil, for to nothing good could they be compared, eyebrows heavy and black also, features well cut, but every one of them repulsing the beholder, hair thick and hanging in heavy, curling waves. Ah! his mother had been proud of her handsome boy, but now she was ashamed and afraid of him.

He came in chuckling. The flush of his eye was unsteady and frightful. He had been drinking heavily, and he but sixteen.

"I don't want your supper," he said, pettishly, and then fell to laughing immoderately, as he threw himself into a leather-covered arm chair.

"O, such a joke!" he shouted—and not without oaths—"such a capital good joke!"

"What have you been doing?" asked his mother, hastily.

"Well, I don't mind telling, old woman," he said, in his brutal manner, "I've sent little Bob Mervin on an expedition, and a time the plucky little goose will have of it!"

"What have you done, Abiel?" she cried, quite terrified.

"Now don't go to getting cross, old lady," he replied, "or I'll not tell you. Why, you see little Bob, he's been reading some of these great traveller books for a long time back, all lies, I'll be bound, and he took it into his head he wanted to go to sea. So we planned it, he and I. I was to go on to Lewiston early this afternoon, on business—and the little fool thinks I'm gone—and he to slip out of the chamber window as soon as the hen and chicken were asleep, and meet me there. Then we both of us take ship, have a famous voyage, and bring back plenty of kangaroos and monkeys. O, it's rich! He started on the nine train, and there isn't a ship there, never was, and never will be. I think I'll write him a letter, and advise him to boot-black for funds to come home with, for the little fool hasn't but just money enough to pay his fare, and that he stole out of his mother's rent. I told him I should have plenty. Fancy him landing there and inquiring for the wharf. It's too rich;" and he fell back again, laughing.

"O, Biel!" cried his mother, in distress, "and poor widow Mervin knows nothing about it."

"You don't suppose he'd be such a fool as to tell her."

"I know it will almost kill her to find it out, and I'll go over there this moment. O, that I should have a son who could do so evil a thing!"

"Come, look here now, old woman, what are you about?" cried the boy, springing from his seat, his black eyes glaring angrily.

"Going to save that child, and be thankful that I don't expose your wickedness."

The boy glared at her, planting himself defiantly in her way, with cruel, blood-curdling, savage oaths.

"You'll not go," he said.

The spirit of resistance was kindled, however, in that hitherto weak spirit. It was ill-timed, to be sure, but she did not stop to think of that; she was not, in the Saviour's words, "wise as a serpent."

"I will go," was her resolute reply, and she answered his look resolutely.

"See here!" he said, holding up the heavy door-key, "it was a nice thing I took it, for you can't get out this way, at all events."

"Then I can another," she said, moving towards the opposite door.

He sprang, in his furious wrath, in her way, but not before she had reached the passage. Then it was, in swinging his arm, unconsciously, and blinded by drink and passion, (let us hope, that, as he always declared afterwards, it was not premeditated,) the heavy key fell on her temple. Not much of a blow, perhaps, but it let life out. The woman who fell heavily at his feet was a corpse,—killed by his hand—*and she was his mother.*

"O! horror too frightful to linger upon! He dragged her within the room, laid her upon the sofa, strove ineffectually to recall the worn and patient spirit, and then gave himself up to such agony as only undisciplined natures can feel, and went forth into the dark night, a felon and an outcast.

Meantime the village slept peacefully, and Robert was far away from his pleasant home, buoyed up with the thoughts of his coming adventures, but uneasy under the crime of theft, the first he had ever committed. And though he determined again and again to repay it, it did not make his conscience easier.

Three weeks from that day a travel-stained, ragged, repentant boy came back to widow Mervin's cottage to be folded in the arms that were dearest to him on earth, and to be forgiven.

When he heard the awful story that was now grown old, and found that the boy he delighted in was in prison, probably there to remain the best days of his life, what a horror and a thrill came over him.

"O, mother!" he cried, "I did mean to go off and never come back, but I could not get the money, and something kept whispering to me, 'Go back, go home; they will forgive you.'"

And what was it but those sweet bells in the tower of his conscience, set to ringing—by the vibration of God's voice in his soul—"Turn again, turn again?"

They rang, too, in the soul of the poor convict—

"Turn ye, turn ye, why will you die?"

and through death, and suffering, and crime, it is hoped the hand of mercy was stretched, his mother's prayer answered, and his soul saved.

M. A. D.

THE STOLEN DOG.

A gentleman had a good shepherd dog which could do almost every thing except talk. If every boy and girl were as faithful to perform every duty, the world would be a great gainer. One day a drover bought a flock of sheep of Coly's master, and he bade Coly go along and help drive them. It was thirty miles to the man's home, and he was requested when he got there to feed the dog and bid him go home. It would have taken a good many smart men and boys to have kept the flock in as good order in that long march as that one faithful driver. The man was so pleased with his skill that he made up his mind to keep the dog. He was to leave the

conntry, so he shut him up and tried to win his heart away from his old master. But his advances met with no response. He ate the nice food given him, like a sensible dog, but he watched his chances of escape as keenly as if he had been a prisoner of war at Richmond. But for days he was unsuccessful. At last, however, a chance occurred, and he was not slow to improve it.

"That fellow tried to steal me," he reasoned, "and I shouldn't wonder if he meant to steal all those sheep, too. I'll just gather them all up, and take them home to my master."

So to work he went, and managed to find, or make, an opening out into the highway, and then marched them all off in the dead of night, like any other fugitive. What was the surprise of his master to see him come home with his flock, after so long an absence! He was certainly too honest a dog to enter into partnership with a thief.—*Merry's Museum.*

SCRAPS FOR YOUTH.

Where is my Receipt?

The date against a subscriber's name, printed upon the margin of his paper, shows the month and year to which he has paid for his Companion.

No other receipt is given.

The Great National Tragedy.

On Friday, the 14th of April, between 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening, our beloved President was shot through the head with a pistol by John Wilkes Booth, a stage-actor.

The desperate boldness with which this terrible deed was executed can only be equalled by the deliberate wickedness with which it was planned.

As long ago as last February it is now known from letters found in his trunk that this man meditated the murder of the President. He was to have committed the crime on the 4th of March, at the time of Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration, but appears to have been persuaded by his more cautious accomplices to postpone it. Indeed, he seems to have been repeatedly advised, even by his companions in sin, to abandon entirely his monstrous purpose, but, like the reckless and unscrupulous villain that he was, he hardened his heart, and nursed his fiendish determination until he found opportunity to carry it into effect. About the first of April he hired a stable in the rear of Ford's Theatre, and took care to have a fleet horse ready there for him, while he spent much of his time by day in practising with pistols and by night at the performances of the theatre. Visiting the box-office on Friday morning, Booth learned that the company were to play "Our American Cousin," and that President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, Vice-President Johnson and Gen. Grant would be there to witness it. Upon this he appears to have matured his plans immediately. In the evening he entered a restaurant near the theatre with five suspicious-looking men, supposed now to be his accomplices, with whom he drank some brandy, and after shaking hands with them bade them "good-by," in a wild, excited manner, and went out. From here he repaired, as it seems, to his stable and ordered his horse to be saddled and brought around to the back door of the theatre, entering himself soon after at the front door. The President had already seated himself in the "State Box," which was near the stage and draped with flags, and the cheering which greeted him on his entrance had subsided, when Booth was seen to crowd up through the dress circle and make his way towards him. As the play proceeded and the spectators became absorbed in it, he passed unnoticed to the box door. Here he was stopped by a guard, but whispering some distinguished name in the sentinel's ear, he was allowed to enter, when, instantly drawing his pistol, he fired upon Mr. Lincoln and lodged a bullet in his brain. The excitement in the theatre on the report of the pistol, and at the sight of the President falling forward in his chair, was intense. The assassin lost no time in escaping. Leaping from the front of the box upon the stage, and stabbing right and left with a dagger at all who opposed him, he fled down one of the passages behind the scenes, mounted his horse and escaped. The shrieks of Mrs. Lincoln, and cries for vengeance from the agitated spectators filled the theatre. Miss Laura Keene, the chief actress in the play of the evening, made her way to the box, and taking the bleeding head of the President in her lap, tried in vain to administer to him a stimulating draught. He was already unconscious. The murderer had done his fiendish work too well.

The attendants carried the dying man to the nearest dwelling house, and surgeons, quickly summoned, rendered kind but ineffectual aid. Senator Sumner stood at the bedside and wept over the prostrate form of his beloved chief. There, too, stood the members of the cabinet, and other high officers of the government and the army, and mingled their tears with his. Mrs. Lincoln was almost frantic, sobbing and moaning, and calling at intervals on her unconscious husband to speak to her once more. He would never speak again.

Meantime the appalling news spread like lightning through the city, and soon the excitement was heightened to frenzy by the added information that Secretary Seward had been stabbed in his bed, and an assassin had been found lurking at the door of Secretary Stanton. Washington, lately so jubilant, was full of mourning and alarm.

In the morning, at twenty-two minutes past seven, the great and good Abraham Lincoln died. So noble of soul, so tender of heart, so pure of life, so wise, upright and strong—how can we lament him enough! We are sorry that he should have received his death-wound in a theatre. For some reason it seems to be required of men very high in station, and much honored, that they should consent to receive some of their popular honors at the theatre, and probably Mr. Lincoln's education had not rendered him fully sensible of its wrong. But we are sorry he was there. The fearful opportunities for sin and crime afforded by the theatre have made it fatal to more than one. The wailing cry of Mrs. Lincoln, as she was borne from the death-scene to her home, past the front of the Ford Theatre, may ring in the ears of the nation, "That dreadful house! that dreadful house!"

But what shall we say of the spirit that urged on the hand of the murderer and his accomplices? Surely, nothing in the pure life of President Lincoln could have provoked such inconceivable wickedness. The answer is ready. The President was the emancipator of the slaves, and the ruffianly deed of John Wilkes Booth, and the attempts of his fellow conspirators, are the natural sequel to the spirit of slavery, the terrible system of perverted morality which encourages irresponsible violence, which has plunged the country in a sea of bloodshed, starved to death sixty thousand helpless prisoners, and now, in the last struggles of its broken and punished power, hesitates at nothing possible in the catalogue of crimes. Who will not pray that God will aid us under our new President to put it down forever and bring the perpetrators of this last tragedy, who acted for it, and all the leaders of the Great Rebellion, who fought for it, to the just recompense of their capital offences!

SPEARING FISH.

Boys are almost universally fond of fishing; from the little four year old, who angles with a bent pin, to the young gentleman of sixteen, who spends half his summer vacation on the banks of trout brooks. So we feel sure that the following description of the sport, which we extract from "Life in the Woods," will be read with interest:

A cresset, like those used in old times to hold watchmen's lights, and a spear with three prongs and a long handle, were all the apparatus required. The cresset was fixed in the bows of the canoe, and a knot of pitch pine kindled in it threw a bright light over and through the water. Only very still nights would do, for if there was any ripple, the fish could not be seen. When it was perfectly calm, we filled our cresset, and setting it afire, one of us would take his place near the light, spear in hand, standing ready to use it; and another seated himself at the stern, with a paddle, and with the least possible noise, pushed off, along the shallow edge of the river. The fish could be seen a number of feet down, resting on the bottom; but in very deep water the spear could not get down quickly enough, while the position of the fish itself was changed so much by the refraction of the light that it was very hard to hit it, even if we were not too slow. At first we always missed by miscalculating the position of our intended booty; but after going out a few times with John Courtenay, a neighbor, and noticing how much he allowed for the difference between the real and the apparent spot for which to aim, we got the secret of the art, and gradually managed to become pretty good marksmen. I liked almost as well to paddle as to stand in the bows to spear the fish; for watching the spearsman and looking down at the fish kept me in a flush of pleasant excitement all the time. Not a word was spoken in the canoe, but I used to *think* words enough.

"There's a great sunfish at the right hand, let me steer for it;" and silently the paddle would move us toward it, my brother motioning me with his hand either to hold back or turn more this way or that, as seemed necessary.

"I wonder if he'll get him," would rise in my mind, as the spear was slowly pointed. "Will he dart off? He moves a little—ah! there's a great pike; make a dart at him! Whew! he's gone!" and sure enough, only the bare ground is visible.

The quantity of fish that some can get in a night's spearing is often wonderful. I have watched Courtenay on a night when fish were plenty, lifting them from the water almost every minute, though very few were larger than herrings, and he had only their backs at which to aim. It was not always plain sailing with us, for Henry was so fierce in his thrusts at first, that, one night, when he made sure of getting a fine bass that he saw, he over-balanced himself with a jerk, and went in, along with the spear, heels over head. The water was not deep enough to do him any harm, but you may be sure we did not fish any more that night. Picking himself up, he vented his indignation on the poor fish, which, by most extraordinary logic, he blamed for his calamity.

THE TELEGRAPH AND THE TREE.

There is an old, old tree a-dozing by my door,
Not a leaf upon it grew for four long years and more;
Nor came there ever bird, or butterfly, or bee,
To revel in the branches of the old, old tree.

Among its topmost twigs, that so closely interlace,
Run the wire cords that harness the steeds of time and space—
The telegraphic rumors that ceaselessly convey,
From north and south and east and west, the tidings of the day.

This morn o'er the old tree I saw a change had come;
The bursting forth of green leaves; the insect's joyful hum;
And the warbling of the spring-birds that gladness brought again
To the boughs that long were moaning in the wind and the rain.

What can thus have stirred the heart of the dry old tree?
The little birds that sing there now have whispered it to me;
'Twas the singing of the wires with such glorious news alive,
In the dawning of the glad days of April, Sixty-five.

For the Companion.

WHAT WILL FOLKS SAY?

"Wear that bonnet another summer! What will folks say?"

"Your father used to say that when he heard a woman ask that question he concluded she was both vain and weak-minded."

Used to say; there was a power and a pathos in those words that no language can convey. How beautiful her father's ideal of female excellence had always seemed to Helen Wilson! how anxiously she had aimed to reach such a perfect standard! "Vain and weak-minded," she said, mentally. "Well, I am vain, but I am not—no, I won't be weak-minded." "Mother," she said, cheerfully, "I will take this down to Mrs. Fremond and get her to bleach and press it, and then I will trim it with that pretty ribbon Kate gave me." A very attractive and animated face looked in upon Mrs. Wilson, ten minutes after. "I shall not stay long," said Helen, as she closed the door upon herself.

Helen Wilson was fifteen; in thoughtfulness, intelligence and usefulness, thanks to an excellent mother, she was older than most girls; in child-like obedience to her mother, self-distrust and respect for her superiors, either in age or station, she was ten years younger than the modern average.

On Main Street Helen met her schoolmate, Myra Strong. This was not remarkable; Myra spent her time in promenading—the French for spinning street yarn.

"Going to Mrs. Fremond's?" asked Myra, with a glance at Helen's paper package.

"Yes, to get my hat pressed over."

"O! your last summer's hat! I am going to have a new one; it is so pretty, a white silk, with blue illusion lace, and a wreath of such cunning roses and satin currant leaves."

"What are you going to do with your pretty blue silk hat?"

"I hope you don't think I am going to wear that old thing another season; it is only fit for a hack."

Miss Myra meant a bonnet for every day wear, not a carriage. Just then they stood before a door, upon which appeared, in gilt letters, "Mrs. Fremond, Milliner. Push." And push they did, with a success that brought a startling peal from a bell, upon a spring, above the door. Mrs. Fremond came in, looking vexed and weary. She was worn out with filling her spring orders.

"How soon can I have my new bonnet?" asked Myra, promptly.

"Week after next, as I told you before," was the decided answer.

"O! dear!" exclaimed Myra, with the air of a martyr, "I can't wear my old bat another Sunday; can't you possibly oblige"—

"No," was the curt interruption.

"Well, Miss Helen," in a much milder tone, "what can I do for you?"

Helen modestly drew out her old straw. How shabby it looked in the same room with all those stylish pattern hats! But she was bent upon doing right, and said, bravely,

"I can't afford a new one, and mother thought this might be bleached and pressed over."

"And so it can, and look nicely. You are a right sensible girl, to think so. Such extravagance as I see among folks that ought to know better, sickens me;" and her keen black eyes swept Miss Myra's face and overdressed figure with a look that did not leave the application of her little sermon in the least doubtful.

"Miss Myra, did you tell your mother what I said?"

"No," was the pouting answer; "for I will have a new bonnet, *any way*," and with a toss of her head, Myra called Helen's attention to the pattern hat by which hers was to be modelled, and walked off.

"Little simpleton!" said Mrs. Fremond, "I scolded her well for ordering a new bonnet. It wasn't my business, but her mother works so hard to support herself and two idle girls. Well, Miss Helen, I will do your hat at once; because you really need it. Come for it to-morrow night. I bleach to-night. Good morning."

Helen went home and described the scene in Mrs. Fremond's shop. "Helen," her mother suddenly exclaimed, "I would like to have you tell me, at the end of the season, just what folks did say about your old bonnet and Myra's new one. My husband used to say it would cure our vanity, if we only knew what was said about our personal appearance."

"I will," cried Helen, readily entering into the spirit of the thing.

One day Helen and a younger sister were walking out, and met Miss Myra, as usual, in grand toilet. Two young students were a few steps in advance, and Miss Myra honored one of them with a sweet smile.

"My eyes, Fred.," cried his comrade, that Strong girl honors you with a perfect broadside of ogles. How she minces! Her milliner makes a guy of her; pink roses on a blue ground, and growing on a currant stalk."

"I board with her mother, poor soul. Miss Myra leads her a hard life, with her wills and won'ts," was the answer.

"I wonder if the academy boys know as much of their books as they do of the girls," said Sarah Wilson, giving Helen a sly look, as they passed on.

"Helen," said Mary Howe, in a confidential vein, "ma says your bonnet is very pretty and becoming; Mrs. Brown thought so, too, and—and—I know 'praise to the face is open disgrace,' but mother hopes I shall try to be as modest and sensible as you are. But she did not advise me to invite Myra to my party, because she is so vain. Poor Mrs. Strong actually cried when she saw Myra's bill at the milliner's."

Here was food for reflection. Mrs. Howe's attentions were valuable; she stood high in the respect and esteem of all Sandtown, and Myra had been very much vexed, and Helen gratified by the course she had taken in giving Mary's party.

Mrs. Benton remarked, not long after, "If I was Myra Strong I should be ashamed to sit beside my mother in church—the contrast in their dress is shameful. Look at Mrs. Wilson; her girls take pride in having their mother look the best. I declare, Miss Helen, I did not see you when I spoke. Well, it's the truth," and she laughed merrily at Helen's blushes.

We might fill a column with all Helen heard about those two bonnets, and we could add a great deal that she did not hear, which was more complimentary to her. These two girls, both young and pretty, were so unlike in character that they serve to illustrate most forcibly the beauty and truth of the apostle's injunction, that "women adorn themselves with modest apparel."

Dress neatly, dress tastefully, and you will always be charming, as you ought to be; but be far from wishing to follow all the fashions that French milliners dictate; for French philosophers will tell you that our mother, Eve, fell through vanity, and that almost all the sins her unhappy daughters fall into arise from the same cause.

HANNAH AND THE WOLF.

One hundred and thirty years ago, when our fair New England was half a forest, there stood on an island in Sugar River, a few miles from its rise in Sunapee Lake, a new log-cabin. The cabin was in the centre of the island, with room around it for a garden, a little bridge of logs connecting it with the main land.

It was a bright morning of June that John and Hannah Merritt viewed together their new home, where six weeks before no tree of the forest had fallen, or white man ever lodged.

"I can do no more now," said John; "this will answer for the summer. In the fall I shall have a chimney, for we must have a fire in the cabin when winter comes. This summer you will have to cook by the fire before the door. It will be very hard."

"O, no!" replied Hannah, "not hard. I think it is nice. These great stones which you have piled up are almost like a fire-place, and we have so many logs and chips they will last all summer. Please get me some water, and put on the tea-kettle, and we will have the duck you shot yesterday for breakfast."

John took a pail, and dipping it in the babbling water of the stream, filled the kettle, which he suspended on a bar stretched across the fire, its ends resting on two poles driven in the ground, while Hannah laid some potatoes in the ashes, and then went into the cabin to prepare the table for breakfast.

"Hannah," said John, as he followed her into the room, "this is a lovely morning. I think I had better go down to the settlement, and see if Thomas has concluded to stay with us this summer."

"So I would," said Hannah. "Put some corn on the back of Jack, and leave it at the mill; we shall want meal soon."

Breakfast over. Jack was led to the door, his back duly laden, with a musket gleaming on the top; for the settlement was twelve miles away, the path through a forest, with only notched trees for a guide, and often animals strange and wild crossed the traveller's way.

Hannah watched John, as he disappeared among the trees, then turned to her duties alone. At one side of her door was an enclosure containing two oxen and a cow, while nearer was a little yard, fenced with logs piled in the same manner as the house, and occupied by one little pig. The heavy fire, which was kept burning day and night, served as a partial guard to these; watching and muskets sufficed for the remaining care.

Six weeks previous, Hannah left her father's house in Salem, a bride, and was now helping John provide a home in the wilderness. She well understood the dangers of such a life, and though twelve miles from a church or shop, and three miles from any other woman, she did not quail. She remained quietly alone through the day, feeding her pig and cow, and talking to them from the want of other companions.

At length the shadows of the trees grew long, and approaching sunset tinged the western sky. "John will be here soon," said she to herself; "I will make a nice cake for him."

So she put the well-prepared dough in a broad iron kettle, covered it closely, and hung it over the fire to bake. Then she arranged her simple tea-table, and sat down at the door to wait for John. But no John came. Darker grew the shadows, and earnestly did she listen for the tramp of Jack's feet, but there was no sound, save the murmuring water speeding on to its destination.

"It is so dark in the woods," said she, "he cannot see the notches in the trees. He will"—but Hannah never finished her sentence. A stealthy movement, something in the darkness; her quick eye caught sight of two glaring eye-balls; but they were not fixed on her; they had another object. The squealing of the little pig had betrayed his location, and the two eyes were fastened on the pen. Hannah saw this, and then she saw an ugly, lean-looking animal leap the rails, and heard the pig's deathly scream.

Quick as thought, aye, almost quicker, she thrust her hand within the door, and seizing the bright gun, which stood there loaded, ever ready for use, she rushed to the pen, and placing the end of the gun almost on the animal, fired. The report, the bounding of the creature, the pig's release, Hannah heard and saw; she knew the animal was dead, and with gun still in hand, fled to her cabin, shut the door, and pulled in the string of the latch. Scarcely breathing, she reloaded, and carefully looked from her port-hole window.

"It must be a wolf," thought she; "there may be more of them."

But the light of the fire revealed nothing; darkness and stillness reigned around. Presently a sound struck her ear, the clatter of a horse on the log bridge, and John bounded to the door. He had heard that gun. He leaped to the ground; the string was drawn in.

"Hannah!" cried he, "Hannah!" and Hannah opened the door. She did not faint, but she trembled, still holding the loaded weapon in her hand. John caught her quickly without speaking. "I have killed something," she said; "come and see."

She led him to the pen, and John saw a huge wolf stretched dead, and the pig in one corner alive, but with blood flowing from the one grip he had received.

Mrs. Merritt lived till a century had passed over her head. A bright cottage stood on the island; farm-houses, school-houses and churches sprang up near her; her hair grew silvery white, but she never forgot the death of the wolf.—*Student and Schoolmate.*

PLAYING AFTER SCHOOL.

Out in the sunny grounds,
Behind the wall,
Are playing the children
"Bo-peep," and ball.

Deep in the dry dust
Sink the bare feet,
But water and towels
Will soon make them sweet.

Shouting and laughing,
Brimmful of glee;
Playing together
Right merrily.

Hoop, swing and marbles—
Swiftly they fly;
"Catch me," and "tag last"—
And shouting "I spy."

Brilliant eyes, rosy cheeks,
Neck and arms bare,
Flowing all unrestrained,
Ringlety hair.

Wishing the sinking sun
Would longer stay—
Wishing that life was
One long holiday.

Night shades are falling
Over meadow and hill;
Soon will each light voice
In slumber be still.

When the child-prayer is said,
"O Father, keep!"
To these loved little ones
Cometh sweet sleep.

MRS. S. E. T. DUTTON.

HOW DIFFIDENCE WAS CONQUERED.

I suffered all the extreme agonies of shyness for many years; and if the efforts to which I was continually stimulated [to think about his *gaucherie*, copy other people's manners, etc.,] had been in any degree successful, or had been applauded as such, I should probably have gone on to affectation, and have remained conscious all my life; but finding no encouragement, I was fortunately driven to utter despair. I then said to myself, "Why should I endure this torture all my life to no purpose? I would bear it still if there were any progress made, any success to be hoped for; but since there is not, I will die quietly without taking any more doses. I have tried my very utmost, and find that I must be as awkward as a bear all my life, in spite of it. I will endeavor to think as little about it as a bear, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured." From this time I struggled as vigorously to harden myself against censure as I ever had to avoid it. . . . I was acting more wisely than I thought for at the time, and I succeeded beyond my expectations; for I not only got rid of the personal feeling of shyness, but also of most of those faults of manner which consciousness produces, and acquired at once an easy and natural manner, careless, indeed, in the extreme, from its originating in a stern defiance of opinion, which I had convinced myself must ever be against me; rough and awkward, for smoothness and grace are quite out of my way; and, of course, tutorially pedantic; but unconscious, and therefore giving expression to that good will towards men which I really feel.—*Bishop Whately.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

For the Companion.

LITTLE LUCY.

She was a little girl of ten, small for her age, and because God had given her a black skin, she was a slave. She was a pure African, with a brow, nose and chin in the very extreme of the peculiarities of that race. And no one ever regretted so much as little Lucy, that she was not white. I seem to see her now, seated on the brick hearth, her knees elevated to a level with her chin, her slender fingers clasping her horny toes, that had never known comfort of shoe or sock. Before the blazing fire, throughout the long winter evening, she would sit, looking up, now and then, wistfully, to catch my eye raised from book or manuscript, that she might indulge her love of volubility. Her words would be after this fashion:

"O Miss Minnie, I does wish I's white! I lay wake all oh de night, lookin' troo de holes in de roof, up whar de stars is, and wishin' and wishin' I's white. Onest I t'ought I be white, sure 'nough. Yer see, Aunt Kizzy, she gib me some flour, and I run down to de spring, and I wet de flour eber so nice wid water, and rub it ober my face and neck. O I rub it on hard, and t'inks I, I sure be white now—he grand white lady. I run way off and hide—'cause missus, she see me—oo—and lay all night long 'tother side one great dead log. O I's dreffal skeered. I tbought ole black man come arter mor'n onest, and den I t'ought he no take me—he tink I's white chile. I wake in de mornun, and run eber so fast, to look in de spring to see how white I is. O Miss Minnie, but I did feel so orful, when I sees I no white at all, and jes as black an' ugly as eber afore. Den I jes hate myself, and I say I's nothin' but poor little ole black nigger—no 'count—jes wish I's dead, and in blessed beben wid my mammy, dat I neber did see." And the mournful eyes of the truly ugly little dwarf swam in tears from inman emotion.

Little Lucy was an orphan, without brother or sister. With no one to care for her, she had been, from infancy, the abused slave of *slaves*; and this is a bitterly sad and cruel condition, indeed. Her little shoulders were made to bear great burdens; and she had toted upon her head from the spring to the kitchen buckets of water, not only until the wool was worn from her crown, but that crown itself was hard as a petrifaction. To save her value as a slave, she was at length rescued from this abuse, and brought into the house. She was assigned to me as my own special little maid, and it was always a perfect delight to her to be of service to me.

She was indeed a curiosity. Sometimes she would come in shyly and stilly, saying, "Miss Minnie, does ye see dese yer eggs?" disclosing one, two or three, from some inconceivable hiding-place in the thin relics of her dress; and proceeding to bury them in ashes, continue,

"I comed honestly by dese yer, I did. You see, Aunt Kizzy, she has lots ob hens, and dey lays eggs *audacious!* I t'ot I knew how you liked 'em toasted in de ashes, so I jes fotched 'em along." And the little unselfish being would insist upon my acceptance of her gift-offering, though poor and scanty had been her own supper's fare.

Like most of her class, she was addicted to theft, (are not the holders of slaves responsible for their sins?) and frequently yielded to the temptation of appropriating to herself articles of trifling value. She was easily induced to confession and rendition, by a representation that her "mammy in heben," of whom she was often talking, was sorry, and weeping over her misconduct.

Miss Sallie, one of the young ladies of the household, was compelled to wear spectacles whenever she wished to read or sew. She one day received a letter from her lover. As usual, (for she was very careless,) her "other eyes," as she was in the habit of calling them, were nowhere to be found.

"Lizzie, Faith, China, where are you all? Look for my glasses," she went calling through the house.

No one answered—all were out. "Lucy," she called out from the foot of the stairs, "come here and find my glasses for me."

Lucy ran. In a moment her loud laugh, "*he he he*," echoed through the house.

"Stop your laughing, and mind your business," angrily commanded her mistress, but the uncontrollable "*he he he*" was repeated, nor silenced by a smart slap upon the ear, administered by the hand of the irritated Miss Sallie.

"What *are* you laughing at?" she again demanded.

"O, Miss Sallie," she at length articulated between her hysterical laughs and sobs, "yer specs, dey's on yer own nose," and she actually sank upon the floor, so much was she overcome by her keen sense of the ludicrous.

When I parted with her forever on a bright June morning, in beautiful Southern Virginia, she stood weeping sadly, a few paces from the carriage, wiping the fast-rolling tears from her ebon cheek with her hard little hand, and gazing at me with one of those longing, yearning looks that are so haunting. The parting with no other one so affected me as did the silent, but heart-broken look of poor little Lucy. Her parting gift, a few flowers, which she knew were my favorites, their stems immersed in a tiny bottle containing water, remained fresh and lively a long time, reminding me of those heartiful flowers of love that so flourished in the heart of the poor little slave.

MINNIE MARY LEE.

NEVER PUT OFF.

Whene'er a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly wish it done;
Begin at once, and do it.

PIANO STUDIES, BY LOUIS KOHLER.

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WITH ALL CLASSES,
DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.
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DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

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Yours truly, A. W. CURTIS, Romeo, Mich.,
Minister of the Wesleyan Methodist church.
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We can only assure the public, that its quality is carefully kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that it has ever done.

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Those who require an *alterative medicine* to purify the blood will find AYER'S COMP. EXT. SARSAPARILLA the remedy to use. Try it once, and you will know its value.

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CURES DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.
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CURES NAUSEA AT STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS AND DYSENTERY.
COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE
Cures like magic all diseases that originate in a DISORDERED STOMACH OR BOWELS.

The following is from the Rev. William Stevens:

MESSRS. EDITORS OF THE JOURNAL AND COURIER,—Having been cured of dyspepsia through the generosity of Mr. Coe, and also, my grateful acknowledgment, is the only remuneration he appeared willing to receive, (in view of his promise,) please allow my statement a place in your columns.

For the last ten years, I have been afflicted with dyspepsia—at times so bad, that what I ate at night would distress me the next morning, and the same way from morning until night, and I have often gone without my meals, through fear. It was while suffering in this manner that I took the first dose of COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. It stopped my pain in one minute. So great was my confidence in it, and so strong my appetite, that I went home and ate a full meal of ham and eggs, and took a few drops of the Cure, and enjoyed it better than any meal I had eaten in ten years. I have taken only one bottle, and can now eat anything I choose without pain. It is something I cannot explain, but I am confident that I am cured, as was he who said, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

WILLIAM STEVENS.

From the Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, Madison, Conn.

I have used COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE in my family, and can willingly testify to its value as a medicine.

HENRY GIDMAN,
Pastor Methodist Episcopal church.
Madison, Conn., June 30, 1864.

From the benefit derived from the use of COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE in my family, I am prepared to say that I never intend to be without it, and advise all who are afflicted with Dyspepsia to try it. PHILANDER LEWIS.
Madison, June 30, 1864.

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No family should be without it. It is within the reach of all, the price being ONLY FORTY CENTS, and if an investment and thorough trial do not "back up" the above statement, the money will be refunded. We say this knowing its merits, and feel confident that one trial will secure for it a home in every household.

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The attention of the public is called to this most excellent of all Liniments as a perfect and speedy cure of all the aches and pains that flesh is heir to.

RHEUMATISM is caused by a stagnation of the fluids arising from checked perspiration—is cured by a few bottles of Kennedy's Rheumatic Liniment.

NEURALGIA, the king of all pain, is caused by an inflammation of the nerves; is instantly cured by a few applications of Kennedy's Rheumatic Liniment.

SPRAINS are caused by an over extension and a sudden reaction of the muscles; is cured by a few bottles of Kennedy's Rheumatic Liniment, equally good for man and beast.

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BRUISES are caused by a sudden pressure of the flesh and smashing of the tissues; is instantly relieved by Kennedy's Rheumatic Liniment.

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SORE THROAT AND HOARSENESS are caused by an unnatural dryness of the glands; wet a piece of flannel with Kennedy's Rheumatic Liniment, apply it on going to bed, and you will be well in the morning.

HEADACHE and THROBBING OF THE TEMPLES is caused by pressure from insensible perspiration; is cured by a few applications of Kennedy's Rheumatic Liniment.

WEAKNESS OF THE BACK; follow the directions in the circular around each bottle.

FOR AN ULCERATED SORE THROAT you will take one teaspoonful of the Liniment and four teaspoonfuls of water, gargle the throat twice a day. In a few days it will be well. This one teaspoonful will be worth a dollar to you.

FOR BRONCHITIS and all inflammation of the throat, tonsils and palate, with a dry, hacking cough, you will dilute the Liniment with four or five times its bulk of water, gargle the throat and swallow the moisture. THIS NEVER FAILS. It is good for Toothache, Earache, Swelled Face, inflammation of every kind. Every family should have a full supply for the winter.

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One application *will keep the Hair moist for several days*, and retain it in any REQUIRED POSITION, without the aid of any other preparation.

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For the Companion.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

RATS.

"Where do you suppose rats came from?" we asked an intelligent child.

"They were always here, I suppose," said he, laughing.

No, they emigrated from Europe. We have heard sailors say that troops of rats will come on board a vessel, when lying at the wharves, and sometimes in broad daylight. One day a vessel was anchored a short distance from the shore, on purpose to keep the rats from boarding ber, and all hands, except the cahin boy and one old sailor (our informant) had gone on shore, when they saw a crowd of fine rats walking deliberately towards their vessel. When they reached the water's edge, the leader, a wise fellow, evidently, measured the distance of the ship from shore, and decided that he could not leap across the water; so he cast ahout for some way of gaining the deck. Very soon his bright eyes fell upon a tree which leaned out over the water. "Exactly the thing," he remarked, in the rat dialect. We presume you have heard it spoken. So up he went, followed by the whole company, ran out on a limb which projected over the vessel, and dropped on deck. Whereupon the sailor and the cahin hoy flew at them with brooms and soon swept the deck as clean as old Van Der Boom, the Dutch admiral, was going to sweep the ocean.

"I felt sorry to do it after they had shown so much cunning," said the sailor; "but they are terrible creturs on hoard ship." You will see how terrible from the following:

"We have seen," says the writer, "water casks gnawed secretly, one by one, until, one hot, tropic day, when the sails hung idly, and the pitch fried from the deck and sides, the cook announced, with scared look, that our last cask was empty and but a few providential gallons remained in the galley." This they placed that night in the long hoat for safe keeping; hut the rats got it even tbere. They went out on the mainstay and dropped nimbly down ten feet into the boat, to get at the precious fluid.

Rats were unknown in Europe until ahout the middle of the sixteenth century. The first comers were the old, English, black rat. They had lived in Persia, in burrows under ground. What induced them to leave their home, think you? Why, they were troubled by the frequency of earthquakes, and decided to find some safer locality; so they crossed the Volga, and entered Europe. In the eighteenth century the brown or Norway rat, which is larger and more ferocious, appeared in Paris, and soon crossed to England. They soon destroyed the black rats—ate them up, as the Chinese do. If the two kinds are shut up in a cage the brown ones will, if left hungry, eat up the black ones, and even if well fed will take a light lunch off the long, finely tipped ears of their companions.

You may have heard how rats carry off eggs. One lies down on his back, clasps an egg in his four paws, and then another drags him off by the tail to a safe place. A lady of veracity, and a model housekeeper, once missed so many eggs that she determined to watch for the thief. Imagine her surprise when she saw her eggs at twenty-five cents per dozen, and scarce at that, going off on such a wheelharrow. She hought a trap and caught one huge fellow, hut that was the last. The rest must have seen him; for although the cheese did smell good, they prudently waited until some mouse, less wary, had sprung the trap on to her unlucky neck, then they ate up the cheese and the mouse, all hut its hones.

Such a quantity of rats emigrated to Jamaica, at one time, that they consumed a twentieth part of the sugar crop. 30,000 were killed at one time. Tame rats are intelligent pets. At Bangkok, the Siamese capital, tbey grow to he as large as cats, when thus tamed, and walk about the house and climb into your lap, if you don't scream, as freely as a kitten. Dainty ladies may not know that all their Paris kid gloves are made of rat's skins.

The next time you catch a rat be sure to examine its teeth. They are very curious. You will find them soft on the inner side, on the outer they are very hard. Now they are forced to keep gnawing to wear down these sharp incisors, for they grow very fast. If one in the upper jaw is lost by accident the lower one, having nothing to meet it, will keep growing until it pierces the skull, or it will twist completely round upon itself. No wonder they gnaw hoards with such savage teeth as those. Dr. Kane tells us that he and his crew were forced to eat them, when in the polar regions, or die of hunger. They were delicate and tender, hut the poor fellows could not overcome early prejudiees sufficiently to relish them.

A London omnibus driver onee caught a rat, and as it was piebald, he spared and tamed it. Ikey, as he was called, grew very fond of the children. He loved to curl up snugly on the hearth, rug before a warm fire, hut at night he crawled into his master's hed. In the morning the man would call out, "Come along, Ikey,", and up tbe cunning creature would scramble into the huge pocket of his coat. When they reached the omnibus it was Ikey's business to guard his master's dinner. Nohody could touch it when Ikey was by, and, strange to say, he never stole it himself except when his master had plum pudding that was too tempting for a rat's housesty to resist.

A neighhor relates that he once found a rat's nest in a corn barn, which was so constructed that by raising a board in the floor he actually caught and killed a two-hushel hasket full of rats. We were horrified, when young, hy learning that a playmate, who had a diseased foot, awakened his parents by screaming that the rats were gnawing his sore foot. His parents thought him dreaming, hut upon searching found a large rat so intent upon nibbling the child's toes that he was caught and killed. Poor Ellie! He deserves and has had a better ohituary than we can give him here. We parted when he was a gentle and amiable child; hut he was never forgotten. His brilliant reputation in after years was heard of with pleasure, and the news of his sudden death, in the prime of manhood, was truly saddening. He fell as our hest and bravest love to die, at his post upon the tented field, where he had exhausted his strength by intense application to his duties.

MNS. P. P. BONNEY.

VARIETY.

NAUTICAL LOFTY TUMBLING.

Three first-class clipper ships of three rival nations—the Winged Arrow, representing Hail Columbia; Tasmania, champion of Rule Britannia; and Ville de Paris, of *La belle France*—were lying within hail of each other in the harhor of Calais, all ataunto, holiday spars in end, and skysail yards across.

Of course the ancient rivalry of Jack in feats of seamanship was ready to break out and blaze up, upon the slightest provocation.

It came one morning, when a jolly tar on hoard the Tasmania run up the main rigging like a cat—right on to the topmast-head—on still—up the top-gallant rigging—on—up the royal and skysail hackstays—and clapped the main-skysail-masthead with bis tarpaulin.

Three rousing cheers went up from the Tasmania for their champion.

Those cheers stirred up all the hitterness of the Gauls; and away aloft went an active young Triton of the Ville de Paris, heating Johnny Bull's time all to nothing, and going infinitely ahead of him by standing straight on end on the maintruck, a hundred and fifty feet ahove the deck!

This daring feat called out three times three from the triumphant Frenchman, and started one of the Yankee Arrows up the main rigging at a speed almost equalling the flight of a *veal* arrow. Gaining the truck, Yankee Jack grasped the mast just helow it, kicked up his heels over his head, and almost planted his head downwards on the truck! But the fling of his heels was a trifle too vigorous; it carried him over with a *vim!* broke his hold; and down he come whing-dingle, lighting first on the crane-lines of the hackstays, which, acting as a spring-pole, sent him inboard, and down he went again; hitting and balancing for a moment, across the mizzen top-gallant stay; and, tilting from that, he lit finally on the frail netting a few feet from the deck; and tumbling out of that, not an atom hurt or scared, he shook his fist at the Tasmania, then at the Ville de Paris, and shouted, like a young hurricane,—

"There, you lubbers! do *that*, if you are able!"

BATTLE-CHRISTENED KITTENS.

On the morning of the eighth of April, 1862, (just after the battle) Corporal Ed. H——, of Company B, —Illinois, came running to me with three playful little kittens under his arm, peeping maliciously out of his haversack.

"Why, H——, where in the name of all that's wonderful did you come across the kittens?"

"Found 'em—*aint* they beauties though? I say, captain, you may have one, if you'll promise to take real good care of it."

"Kittens! kittens on the field of Shiloh! Why," exclaimed a sergeant at my elhow, "I thought that every living thing in the shape of hird, beast and insect, was killed either hy the iron hail or the thunder. Why, they're as natural as life. If you've no objections, I'll take one, H——."

Instantly a score of eager hands were outstretched towards the demure pussies.

"Found 'em in a house over there," said H—— nodding towards a deserted cahin—"old pussy's gone off and left 'em. Never mind, *well* take care of 'em."

And well they did. To see the men who the day before breathed nothing hut dire vengeance and slaughter, nursing and feeding these motherless kittens, would have effectually dissipated any doubts the observer might have entertained concerning their genuine tenderness and sympathy. Soldiers are immensely fond of pets; those kittens were carried on knapsacks hundreds of miles, and when the black coffee was gulped down without a murmur, kitty would rub her paws and yawn contentedly over the cup from which she had just licked the last vestige of milk.

A SOLDIER'S POLITENESS.

A lady who thinks our soldiers entitled to mueh gratitude and love, sends the following anecdote:—

One of our soldiers who has returned from the war, after a severe sickness at the hospital, which still manifests itself in his pale face and emaciated form, has been trying to get an honest living by travelling around with stationery and fancy goods to sell. He rang at a door the other day, and asked to exhibit his wares. A haughty, gayly dressed lady appeared, who shut the door in his face, saying,—

"No: I have no time to look at sueh things."

Shortly afterward, the lady was out on a bitter day, when the ice was really dangerous in the streets; and she slipped and fell. Our soldier-boy happened to he passing at the moment, and kindly assisted her to her feet, saying, pleasantly,—

"This is to pay you for helping me the other day."

A haughty "Thank you" was the only notice she took of him; and, with a cold and angry air, she turned away.

A TRIBUTE TO FATHER.

SENT WITH A PAIR OF SLIPPERS TO THE ARMY.

I'm sitting alone by the window,
Outlooking the forest afar,
And drumming working a slipper
For father, who's gone to the war.

The green bud grows on the slipper,
And the green bud swells on the tree,
And the wind sighs in the pine-tops,
And, father, I'm sighing for thee.

From the old oak down in the meadow
Comes the crow's monotonous caw;
And the blue-bird sings in the garden,
And I sing "Gone to the war."

As a nun counts her beads at her prayers
I'm counting the days till you come,
And praying the angels to bear you
Safe under their wings to your home.

Do you know that I've been with you, father,
Through all this weary campaign?
My feet have been bruised with your marchings;
Beneath the cold heavens I've lain.

By your side have I wrought in the trenches—
Stood guard in the heat and the dust;
I've hungered and thirsted and blistered—
I've broken with you the hard crust.

I know that the good God is with us—
I know the right triumphs at last;
I know that a glorious rainbow
Will smile when the tempest is past.

But I know not—He only knoweth
Whose pleasure is infinite law—
Whether these slippers, dear father,
Will ever come home from the war.

"I'D RATHER CARRY IT."

Going from market one day, we observed a very small hoy, who gave no special indication, hy dress or face, of other than ordinary training in life, carrying a hasket that was so heavy as nearly to hear him down beneath it.

We observed, "My hoy, you have a heavy load."

"Yes," said he, "hut I'd rather carry it than that mother should."

The remark was one of a nature we love to hear; hut we do not know that we should have thought enough of it to have chronicled it, had we not seen across the street a highly *accomplished* young lady playing the piano, while her mother was washing the windows.

WORTH KNOWING.

A correspondent says:

A young lady, while in the country, some years ago, stepped on a rusty nail, which ran through her shoe and foot. The inflammation and pain were, of course, very great, and lockjaw was apprehended. A friend of the family, however, recommended the application of a beet, taken fresh from tbe garden and pounded fine, to the wound. It was done, and the effect was very beneficial. Soon the inflammation began to subside, and by keeping on the crushed beet, and changing it for a fresh one, as its virtue seemed to become impaired, a speedy cure was effected. Simple but effectual remedies like this should be known to every one.

ENIGMA UPON THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

THE QUAKER BOY'S WISH.

When Quakers have religious meetings they do not have singing, and prayers, and a sermon, in regular order, as we do. They all sit for a time in silence, and then if any man, or woman, or little child has any thing to say, he or she gets up and says it; after that, they all shake hands, and leave the house. At one of these meetings nobody spoke for a long time; then one little hoy rose and said these words:

"My friends, I wish the Lord would make us all gooder, and gooder, and *gooder*, till there is no had left."

A great many sermons have not so much in them as that hoy's wish.

THE noblest question in the world is, What good can I do in it?

APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

ARE YOU READY

FOR THE QUESTION?

THE C—O—D MAN

Wishes to make you a proposition. He has BOOTS and SHOES to sell you through the medium of your Retail Stores. If he will truly and faithfully supply you with

WARRANTED BOOTS AND SHOES,

and WILL MAKE GOOD THE WARRANT TO YOU, will you not sustain him by buying the same? He puts his warrant and Trade Mark,

{ PATENTED JULY 7, 1864, }
{ WARRANTED BY THE C-O-D MAN, }

PATENTED AT WASHINGTON,

UPON ALL HIS

BOOTS AND SHOES.

And authorizes all retailers to give NEW PAIRS in every instance where any radical defect appears in the stock or work, if the Boot or Shoe HAS NOT BEEN WORN TO THAT EXTENT that it would BE UNREASONABLE TO EXPECT A NEW PAIR. IF BUT LITTLE WORN, NEW PAIRS WILL BE GIVEN WITH PLEASURE.

Now make a SURE THING OF IT by buying none but these with the C—O—D MAN'S WARRANT on them, and STARVE OUT THE RETAILERS OF SHODDY. This is the first instance in the history of the trade that you have had a chance, ON A LARGE SCALE, to show you want a good article, and are willing TO STAND BY a man who will WARRANT HIS GOODS and LIVE UP TO IT.

WILL YOU STAND BY AND SUSTAIN THE

C—O—D MAN?

THAT IS THE QUESTION.

WHOLESALE STORE,

Nos. 18, 20 and 22 MILK STREET,

BOSTON.

HENRY DAMON.

12—3m

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3—6m

KENNEDY'S

SALT-RHEUM

OINTMENT

CURES SALT-RHEUM,
CURES ERYSIPELAS SORES,
CURES SCALD HEAD,
CURES THE SHINGLES,
CURES RINGWORMS,
CURES SORE EYES

Cures every Hot and Itching Humor,

CURES BURNS AND SCALDS.

THE MOST DELIGHTFULLY COOLING OINTMENT EVER MADE.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price 25 Cents.

LARGE SIZE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.

40—1y

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Men and Boys are MAKING MONEY with the LOWE PRESS, by which Cards, Labels, &c., are printed at a saving of 75 per cent. Some boys earn $2 per week besides attending school. Send for a Circular to the LOWE PRESS CO., 18—1y 23 Water Street, Boston.

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HIGHEST PREMIUM

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7—3m

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(PATENTED OCT. 13, 1863.)

A SAVING OF 80 PER CENT.

BLACK, BLACK FOR SILK, DARK BLUE, LIGHT BLUE, FRENCH BLUE, CLARET BROWN, DARK BROWN, LIGHT BROWN, SNUFF BROWN,

For Dyeing Silk, Woolen and Mixed Goods, Shawls, Scarfs, Dresses, Ribbons, Gloves, Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Kid Gloves, Children's Clothing, and all kinds of Wearing Apparel.

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For 25 cents you can color as many goods as would otherwise cost five times that sum. Various shades can be produced from the same dye. The process is simple, and any one can use the dye with perfect success. Directions in English, French and German, inside of each package.

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For further information in Dyeing, and giving a perfect knowledge what colors are best adapted to dye over others, (with many valuable recipes,) purchase Howe & Stevens' Treatise on Dyeing and Coloring. Sent by mail on receipt of price—10 cents. Manufactured by HOWE & STEVENS, 260 BROADWAY, BOSTON.

For sale by druggists and dealers generally. 26—9m